guide, the labyrinthine streets of Benares City, and to penetrate into Hindu palaces where after the rare visits of mlenchas ("barbarians") the floors have been carefully purged and purified. Parisian actresses of European fame have welcomed me to their boudoirs, black-robed religieuses have invited me to their convents, and each has given me her confidence, knowing that a kindly interest, not an impertinent curiosity, has led me amongst them. Russian nihilists and Hindu sages have alike honoured me with their friendship, because we have all in our differing ways sought to gather feathers dropped by the white, soaring wings of the divine bird ot Truth.

Port Said ! Gate of the East! You are indeed the door between an old and a new existence, and ugly and brazen-looking as you are, you have the sincere affection of us who are orientals by nature, for whenever we pass up your sandy, garish main street, we feel that we have done with western unrest and turmoil and are already taken to the

bosom of the silent, mystic East. And the hoarse chorus or the coolies who come to coal the vessel is as welcome to our ears as the sweetest

music,